

THE ALMA RECORD

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CONSTITUTION DAY

Wednesday, September 17th, yesterday, was the 132nd anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the United States, yet we will venture to say that not one person in a hundred gave the matter a passing thought. The adoption of the constitution was the guarantee of the independence which had been previously declared and could be maintained only by a union of the states, and a cooperation of the people who had but recently been freed from the tyranny of the mother country at the tremendous price of much treasure and the sacrifice of the flower of her manhood upon the altar of freedom.

The constitution is the greatest political document ever written. It heralded a new era in political affairs because it was founded upon the new political philosophy that the sole end and aim for which political rule is established and maintained is the welfare of the governed. Right in the preamble its purpose is clearly set forth, in the declaration that the Federal union is formed to "establish justice, secure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

Very few of us realize or appreciate how thoroughly these pioneer men worked in the formation of this great document which has stood the test of time and outlived the severest criticisms to be recognized today as the masterpiece of a free government plan.

The things which are guaranteed to us by the constitution are vital to our existence as a government and we have gone on from generation to generation enjoying these blessings without giving them serious consideration, but the time has come now when we are compelled to recognize the importance of this document and to understand its meaning because there are those in this country who question its authority, and are planning propaganda to nullify it and leave in its place a state of chaos, which takes away the guarantee of justice, disturbs the public tranquility, weakens the common defense, interferes with the general welfare and if it succeeds will rob our posterity of all that the hearts of Americans have held dear.

This is a matter which should demand the best thought of everyone of us.

Good citizenship demands that we shall make ourselves familiar with the provisions of the constitution, and do our part toward maintaining it in our own community.

The vital part of the constitution is that it guarantees to us all the same rights and privileges and expects of us all the same loyalty and devotion to our country.

The other day several men in Grand Rapids asked for the right of citizenship through the granting of naturalization papers, when the court found that they had been registered as enemy aliens and had asked exemptions from service on that ground. United States citizenship was denied to all of them forever and very justly so. We cannot have a guarantee of all the things given by the constitution without assuming an obligation and the man who refuses to assume his full share in the maintenance of the constitution is not a good citizen.

We are passing through a reconstruction period which will try men's souls and will again put the constitution to the test. There is a nation-wide unrest. Every community has its agitators who place selfish interest above the general welfare and advocate the abrogation of all restraint of personal desires.

This is manifested in grafting, price boosting, strikes and many other ways, all of which are contrary to the idea of the constitution and means its downfall if these things continue and thrive.

It is a time for us to think hard and strive earnestly for the preservation of the constitution and all that it stands for and guarantees.

Every community must assume its full share of responsibility, and every individual in the community submit his will to the common good if America is to continue great. No family is better than the members who compose it. No community can rise above the ideals of its citizens, and no nation can maintain a great unity unless its citizens recognize the responsibility to its constitutional government.

GENERAL PERSHING COMES HOME

The war is over and General Pershing has followed the long trail of returning soldiers back to his native land. We are glad to welcome him and to pay him every honor that lies within our power, for we can say of him what Paul said of himself, and with equal truth: "He has fought a good fight, he has finished a great task, he has kept the faith."

He has fought a good fight because as leader of the American Expeditionary forces he risked all, with them, to subdue those Hunnish hordes that seemed likely to overwhelm all Europe and endanger forever all Democratic ideals that have been attained only after centuries of patient experiment and endeavor. The freedom of the world was at stake and the fight was unparalleled in history as to forces engaged, diabolical means used, and general intensity.

He has finished a great task, for those hordes have been driven back and, let us hope permanently subdued. Once more we can draw a long breath and feel that our cherished ideals of liberty and freedom are reasonably safe.

He has kept the faith with his troops, with himself, with the American nation, with the world. The time has gone by when a great general can go forth as did Napoleon or Alexander amid the blare of trumpets, to lead his troops to a glorious and spectacular victory and to win great renown for his personal deeds of gallantry and daring on the open field of battle. Rather the modern general must be content to direct operations from an office in obscurity, removed from the scene of action and burdened with countless petty details, the proper grasp of which and attention to, means the success or failure of the cause, the safe guarding or sacrificing of the lives of thousands of soldiers. Somewhere behind the men in the trenches must be the master mind, tireless, skillful, alert, ever on the job of managing the movements and proper support of his troops. He has shown the world that he possesses such a mind and has used it unreservedly in aiding to bring the war to a successful conclusion.

He has thrown himself tirelessly into his task, putting aside all personal sorrow and personal preference, asking for no reward but the satisfaction which must accompany the knowledge that his work has been well done.

General Pershing has returned to America and everywhere he is receiving the well-deserved acclaim of his fellow countrymen. But Europe will not soon forget the man and the general who has just left her shores. He went to an alien country to fight in a great cause, content to offer his services and the service of the troops under his command to those other generals more experienced than he in the actual conditions of European warfare. He asked for no place of distinction for himself or his men; he only asked to be placed where he and they could render the greatest assistance in aiding Europe to successfully confront the Hun.

He has shown to the European mind the true meaning of the American spirit, American democratic ideals. In this fact alone lies his true greatness. It is recognized by Europe and America and all the world as well. He has demonstrated to all the nations the fact that there are still some Americans big enough to do the thing that needs doing without playing to the grandstand or seeking self-aggrandizement.

A clean body and a clean mind furnish a good asset for a noble life.

SERVANT USURPS POWER OF MASTER

Insisting that the President should keep his campaign promise of 1918, "I will accept your judgment without cavil," the Republican Publicity Association asserts that by continued attempt at dictation Mr. Wilson is impeaching the intelligence and patriotism of the people. The statement, issued through the president of the organization, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., says:

"Impeachment of the people of the United States for lack of intelligence or patriotism, is the unavoidable interpretation to be placed upon the continued insistence of the president that his will must prevail and American sovereignty be surrendered to the league of nations. Prior to the election of last November, President Wilson appealed for election of a Democratic Congress as an endorsement of his administration and an expression of confidence as he entered upon the peace negotiations. He assured the people, 'I will accept your judgment without cavil.' With that plea before them and freshly impressed upon their minds, the people deliberately chose a Republican house and a Republican senate.

"In spite of that vote, following his promise to accept the judgment of the people without cavil, President Wilson went personally to the peace conference, took with him only such men as would subordinate their minds to his, and was, for all practical purposes, the sole spokesman of this great Republic. He not merely ignored but defied the voice of the American people.

"Now when the country has before it a peace treaty which overthrows American traditions, which implicates this nation in the theft of Shantung, which binds the people of this country to engage in foreign wars at the beck and call of other powers, and which involves a maze of international complications making certain the multiplication of wars, senators are told they must stand by the president or be condemned as 'imbeciles,' men of 'pigmy minds,' and promoters of war. Men who were deliberately chosen by the people in opposition to the president and in view of his promise to accept your judgment without cavil are now told they are bound to accept the ipse dixit of the man whom the people had repudiated.

"Such an attitude as that is nothing less than impeachment of the people who spoke, in the only manner in which they can speak, at the polls last November. It is an impeachment which will be determined in November, 1920, when the people will have the opportunity to say whether they desire their public servant to usurp the power of master."

COMMUNICATION

Mr. Editor:
I enjoy your editorials and read them with interest every week. I believe they generally have a most wholesome influence.

But the remarks in your last issue about the president and the league of nations leads me to feel that something ought to be said on the other side. I do not by any means approve of everything that President Wilson has done. He is a national autocrat and his apparent self-will and self-conceit have led him to do many foolish things. But the League Covenant is surely one of the noblest documents that human wisdom has ever devised and the president deserves credit for his part in it.

As for understanding what the league involves, it would seem that anyone can know who will take the trouble to study it. The language is perfectly clear. Some of our senators seem to see in it much more than anyone else can see. They can see commands and orders where there are only recommendations. They can see danger to our independence where there is no danger.

Our senators cannot trust their fellow men. They use exactly the same arguments which were used a hundred and thirty years ago at the adoption of the Federal constitution. Each state was jealous of every other state and expected that the central government would be used to suppress the individual states. Able and honest men took that view. They were opposed to any league of nations. If they had been successful we should now have forty or fifty little nations here all quarreling with each other.

America has been the most altruistic of nations. We established Cuba as an independent nation when Europe expected us to annex it. We returned to China a large part of the indemnity which we might have kept and which the other nations did keep. We entered the great war and fought it to a finish when we had no selfish end to gain. For this great nation to be asked to turn down the league covenant which promises so much to the world, to go back upon its record, to stultify itself, as it were, and this because in some possible but unlikely concurrence of circumstances we might lose some particle of our independence is an appeal to selfishness.

As to treaties or engagements the twelfth article provides specifically for their abrogation so far as they are inconsistent with the terms of the league.

For America of all the nations to turn down the league when the other nations are ready to accept would be most disappointing and should fill us with shame. We should expect that America would be the leader in any such great movement to serve humanity by preventing war. It is humiliating to think that she may be the nation to block the wheels of progress. J. Clishe, a Republican.

Build for All Time.

When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present life, nor present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will do well to live in.

Happiness in Cheerfulness.

The mind that is cheerful in its present state will be averse to all sordid tude as to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile.—Horace.

"Life Saver"

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

The night was starless, there was a promise of rain and fierce blasts of wind shook the old house. Abel Lane, its owner, paced the living room nervously. His daughter Miriam was clearing away the supper dishes, but bent her ear at every unusual sound as if sharing the half repressed anxiety of her father. She was startled and gave a little jump as there came a knock at the door.

"Could you give me a bite to eat?" spoke the tramp who faced her from the doorstep. "They've ordered me out of town. It's ten miles to the next and I'm so weak from hunger that I can't make it."

"Step in, please," directed Miriam and closed the door against the night. "Father," she said, going to the sitting room doorway, "there's a stranger wants a meal."

"Give it to him," replied Mr. Lane directly. "I don't think Vance will be here tonight and there's plenty to spare."

So Jerry Moore sat down amid warmth and comfort to a repast that seemed to make his thin, homely face flush with new vitality and cheer.

"You're a life saver, lady," he declared, as with an enjoyable sigh of fullness he arose and regarded his almsman gratefully. After he had gone Abel Lane continued his restless promenade and Miriam, her work done, sat at the window watching the street in a tense, expectant way.

"I do hope nothing has happened to Vance," spoke her father, after the lapse of half an hour. "I think I'll go down to the river and see if there's any sign of him. He crossed it in a boat going, but if he tries to come back the same way he'll take a big risk."

Vance Denlow was the fiancé of Miriam. He was a young engineer and had been away for six months. Mr. Lane had called him back to Belleville a few days previous. Vance was the sole witness to a document made a year back in which his evidence would prevent the loss of all he possessed to the father of his promised bride. Vance was to appear in court the next day. Mr. Lane buttoned his coat tightly, pressed his cap firmly down over his head and went to the kitchen and lighted a lantern. "It will go hard with us, Miriam, if anything should happen so Vance wouldn't be on hand in the morning," he spoke.

"Take care of yourself, father," pleaded Miriam solicitously. "I shall be worrying greatly if you don't get back soon. Don't you think, if there is no sign of Vance, that you had better go down town and telephone Leesville to see if Vance has remained there for the night?"

"I'll do that, Miriam, yes," replied her father, but he left the road and took the footpath along the river shore. Abruptly he stumbled over a tree root, went flat, and the lantern, torn from his hand by the contact, rolled several feet ahead of him and its light went out.

"The mischief!" he muttered, as he searched his pockets for a match. "A mile back home and as much further to the nearest house town-

wards. I'll keep on to the turnpike, light or no light. Hello!"

Abel Lane had proceeded a little distance when he drew back just in time to escape a second tumble. His foot had met an obstacle. He stared, halted, as a human form arose to its feet.

"In your way?" piped a cheery voice. "Sorry, I sat down to rest and fell asleep. Say," bending nearer and steadying his glance, "aren't you the gentleman whose pretty daughter gave me the feed of my life?"

"Oh, I see who you are now," returned Mr. Lane. "Say, friend, you don't happen to have a match about you, do you?"

"Why, isn't that strange?" exclaimed Jerry Moore. "I happen to have, and just one. I was going to use it before I fell asleep to have a smoke, but, thinks I, it's my last, a regular life saver, and I won't risk it till I find a sheltered spot from the wind. Easy and careful now, if you want to light your lantern."

With infinite care the two shielded that last match. It was nearly blown out, but the wick of the lantern flung flamed.

"What's that," abruptly exclaimed Jerry.

It was a faint yell. Then it was repeated. Mr. Lane set up a great shout and hastened in the direction from which it had come. And near the shore, clinging to a broken pile, was the man he was seeking—Vance Denlow. His boat had swamped in mid-stream. He had managed to swim to the pile, but was so exhausted that, but for shouting as he saw the lantern glare and the opportune arrival of his rescuers, he would soon have collapsed.

"Your last match did it," pronounced the relieved and grateful Abel Lane, and Jerry Moore was a welcome guest at the Lane home for a long time after that.

Far Too Short.

I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read and all the friends I want to see.—John Burroughs.

Reviving the Bride.

They were being married in a small country church that was heated with a stove. Everything went well until at the close of the ceremony the bride fainted. In the general excitement that followed the bridegroom lost his head. He grabbed the empty coal scuttle and rushed to the pump for some water. Then he came running in and dashed a scintillating of black sooty water over his then reviving bride.

Speed of Birds.

The speed of birds is often overrated. The swift, for instance, has been credited with a speed of 150 miles an hour, and the popular imagination compares the flight of a sparrowhawk with that of a cannon ball. The homing pigeon can be relied on under fairly easy conditions to make 60 miles an hour, or considerably more.

At Home.

The program at the Twentieth Century club was on Joan of Arc, her tortures and imprisonment. A small boy had been allowed to accompany his mother and had seemed much interested in the program. On the way home he said: "Take me again, mother. I like that Penitentiary club." —Cartoons Magazine.

Mid-Month List of

Columbia Records

Billy Murray Styly Sings
And Hed Say Oo-La-La! Wee! Wee!

Only "Oo-La-La! Wee! Wee!" is not much of a French vocabulary. But Billy Murray makes it mean a lot in this snappy syncopated song. Coupled with Irving Kaufman's popular plaint: "Oh! Oh! Oh! Those Landlords." A-2765-85c

The Waldorf-Astoria Dance
Orchestra Plays "My Cairo
Love" and "Merci Beaucoup"

"My Cairo Love," that novel fox-trot from the Orient, has all the rhythmic reverberations of an oriental song. "Merci Beaucoup" is a one-step that will make you step all the way. A-2764-85c

"Breeze" (Blow My Baby Back
To Me)—a Harmonious Duet

Arthur Fields and Jack Kaufman, a new Columbia vocal combination, sing this harmonious sweetest song. Coupled with Billy Murray's rollicking, jovial, jocular rendering of "Take Me Back to the Land of Jazz." A-2766-85c

A Few More Mid-Month Hits

"In the Heart of a Fool" Henry Burr A-2767
"I've Lived, I've Loved, I'm Satisfied" Henry Burr 85c
"Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight" Walter A-2761
Kalakali Hawaiian Orchestra 85c
"Hawaiian Nights" Walter A-2762
Kalakali Hawaiian Orchestra 85c
"The Alcoholic Blues" Fox-Trot A-2768
Louisiana Five Jazz Orchestra 85c
"Kansas City Blues" Fox-Trot
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